

THE BORDERER.

VOL. 1.

SNOW-HILL, (MD.) TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3, 1835.

NO. 52.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
LEWIS CATON,
Snow-Hill, Worcester County, Md.

TERMS.

Two Dollars a year if paid in advance;
or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid at the
expiration of the year.

Subscriptions are always intended for a
year. No paper will be discontinued until
all arrears are paid—unless at the option
of the Editor.

Advertisements published three times for
One Dollar per square, and twenty-five cents
for every subsequent insertion—larger ones
in proportion.

Advertisements, Sheriff's and Constable's,
advertising Sales will be credited until the
expiration of the day of sale, when the money
will be expected from the Officer.

All communications must come post paid,
or they will not be taken out of the Office.

From the New-York Mirror.

THE BRIGANDS OF THE ABRUZZI.
From the Desk of a quiet old Gen-
tleman.

A stupendous amphitheatre of
rocks rose to the clouds among the
most savage peaks of the southern
Apennines. Their terrible and sub-
lime altitudes overlooked both the
Adriatic and the Mediterranean.

Awful, tremendous nature. What
a noise it hath in its silence! How
it elevates, yet awes the heart!

A single form leaned from one of
these fantastic cliffs, watching and
listening, as if to ascertain the ap-
proach of some one in the chasm
below. Presently several others

appeared, forming a group strongly
picturesque. They were all dark,
uncouth looking men, with broad
hats slouched sullenly over their
large black eyes, their temples and
necks covered with heavy matted
hair and their upper lips overgrown

with shaggy moustaches and beards,
in some descending to their breasts,
and in others, blackening the chin
and cheeks with close raven curls.

"I swear," cried the first, "I heard
him treading in yonder slope, among
the loose stones, some of which
rolled off the precipice, and went
down into the stream."

"Who art thou?" said Leonardo.
"A native of these parts," was the
reply; "who thought poverty, and
hatred of priests and tyrants, might
have saved him from the bullet of
such as ye."

"Thy profession?"
"My portfolio shows it."
"Then let thy lips name it," cried
another deep voice, abruptly.

"By the mass," cried the stranger,
answering the keen frown of the
last speaker with a good-natured
and winning smile, "ye set on a poor
painter, as if he were a fat cardinal.
I pray ye, gentlemen, use me kind-
ling me ill."

"Art thou rich or poor?"
"The Lord love thee, man, I feed
on berries."
"And hast thou no one to pay a
ransom?"

"Thou art a wag," said the hand-
some stranger, laughing, and the
rough, fierce-looking men, with
their striking attire, attitudes and
faces, gathered round unconsciously
moved to merriment, and interested
by the kind of kindred hardihood
and fearlessness, as well as the ori-
ginal manner and prompt conversa-
tion of their prisoner.

"Thou art a wag, my friend," re-
peated the captive.
"A rough one, though," rejoined
the interrogator. "It was I who
winged the bullet at thy heart, but
now, and I have another ready to
punish the impertinence of thy
tongue, as well as the intrusion of
thy steps. Canst thou pay me a
ransom, I say?"

"The devil a carline. I am a
friendless painter, not in love with
the world, nor favored by fortune.
An' thou kill me, it will be but a
waste of powder—an' thou keepest
me prisoner, a waste of bread. In
either case, thou wilt do an injury to
the fine arts, among which thy pro-
fession ranks high."

"I believe thou sayest a lie, friend,"
said another. "There is that in thy
words and manner which speaks
thee better than thy calling."
"Indeed, good sir, you flatter."
"And such flattery thou lovest not,
I dare swear. What wilt thou give
to save thy neck?"

"I have nothing but thanks, which
you shall have to any amount, and
thou mayest, moreover, be sure the
payment will be prompt, and that
the coin will not be counterfeit."

"What has led thy steps here,
amidst the solitudes of the Abruzzi,"
said Leonardo, who from some
latent association, or the inherent
force of a nature gloomy, cruel,
and delighting in acts dark and
atrocious, appeared from the first to
conceive a hatred against the un-
fortunate, and to be fully bent on
his destruction.

"A trait disposition, like thine
own," replied the other.
"Say rather the disposition of a
spy," cried Leonardo, approaching
him, and clenching his brawny fin-
ger in his face, while his teeth shone
through his sneering lips and raven
beard.

"A short struggle ensued.
The report of a carbine, a shout
an oath from the robbers, and a
groan from the traveller, who had
fallen at full length on the ground,
were answered by the cries of a

flock of startled crows, that took
flight, screaming at this ominous, but
not unfrequent interruption to their
repose.

When the brigands had turned
the body over, there was a loud,
coarse laugh.

"He has swallowed thy bullet,
Leonardo," cried one, "for I see no
mark of it about his body."

"The target firing has put him to
sleep," said another—"he will take
presently."

"I do think thou hast missed thy
mark, Leonardo," said Antonio, as
the savage robber sought plunder in
vain from his victim, finding little
else than a port folio of sketches.

"The heart of no true brigand beats
in thy bosom, for thou art blood-
thirsty as a savage beast—but by
St. John, as thy soul is fierce, so
thine eye is false, and thy hand un-
steady—for, ha, ha, ha! thy bird is
but stunned, and has in him the
where-withal to pay thee back in thy
own coin. See! ha, ha, ha!—he
rises and scowls at thee with good
emphasis; a handsome boy, too."

Another hoarse laugh rolled over
the cliff, as the way laid traveller
slowly rose, and with sullen glances
into the faces of the banditti, rested
his piercing black eyes, at length,
upon those of Leonardo. The
stranger was a youth of 19 or 20, of
a graceful and manly figure, with
luxuriant curls covering his head
and shoulders, and a face full of
expression, though now clouded
by fear and anger.

"Who art thou?" said Leonardo.
"A native of these parts," was the
reply; "who thought poverty, and
hatred of priests and tyrants, might
have saved him from the bullet of
such as ye."

"Thy profession?"
"My portfolio shows it."
"Then let thy lips name it," cried
another deep voice, abruptly.

"By the mass," cried the stranger,
answering the keen frown of the
last speaker with a good-natured
and winning smile, "ye set on a poor
painter, as if he were a fat cardinal.
I pray ye, gentlemen, use me kind-
ling me ill."

"Art thou rich or poor?"
"The Lord love thee, man, I feed
on berries."
"And hast thou no one to pay a
ransom?"

"I tell ye what, comrades," con-
tinued the ruffian, "you may like the
amusement of every wandering
varlet's society, and believe the tale
of every designing traitor, but on my
faith, I would keep no terms with
these wretches. Let this prating
calf die for his pains."

"Leonardo," cried Antonio, "I
have called thee a fool; in truth thou
art a villain as well. I protest against
thy barbarity. Our captain, Leo-
poldo, thou knowest, holds different
opinions—if he returns not from
Catalina soon enough to prevent thy
crime, he will return soon enough
to punish it."

"Preach to women, weak boy,
thou and he with thee, and talk of
punishment when thou hast the
means. Comrades, this man is no
painter, believe me—he is but some
spy, who for a reward has ventured
to seek out our abodes in this lowly
character, and who would doubtless
smile to see all our heads adorning
the front of Palazzo Reale, at Na-
ples. Remember the fate of Cam-
panelli! betrayed by such a disguis-
ed traitor to torture and death—I
give my voice for his death! what
say you, shall he live or die?"

"Let him die," cried another wretch
—"tie him to a tree, and let us plant
a brace of bullets in his heart. Dash
out his brains with the breach of
thy carbine. Bind him hand and foot
and hurl him from yonder cliff—
leap of three thousand feet will
give him an appetite for his supper
in—"

As these fearful alternatives flew
from lip to lip, the stranger, whose
dashing boldness, although founded
on a naturally fearless heart, had
been half put on to meet the occa-
sion, and secure good treatment, by
striking in with the rough bravado
of the robber's character, turned
pale. His broad hat was knocked
fiercely from his forehead, and lay
upon the turf, and two strong men
seized him by the throat, and drag-
ged him toward the dreadful crag,
which the wretch had pointed out
as the fitting scene for him to finish
forever his mortal career. The artist

any spark of feeling. He had dis-
appeared.

"The blessed virgin protect me,"
he cried, in a low tone of inexpress-
ible anguish—"the blessed virgin
protect me, for I am a lost man!"

She sat in the entrance of the
cave, upon a broken rock. A mag-
nificent woman, of a lovely, yet
audacious appearance—her person
commanding and dignified, yet
graceful—her face melancholy, yet
beautiful and majestic—her raven
hair was parted with the utmost
simplicity over her forehead, and a
pair of eyes that should have light-
ed the halls of an emperor. You
saw in an instant, the splendid
character which the waves of tumultu-
ous fortune had cast in a robber's
cave, and upon a robber's bosom.
In Egypt, she would have been a
Cleopatra—among the gypsies, a
Meg Merrilies—in England, a Mrs.
Siddons—in the unfortunate land of
the Neapolitan, condemned by the
iron hand of fate to be what the
other only acted—a wild, high, bril-
liant woman—treading amid spoils
and blood, in the lonely forest, and
upon the midnight cliff—a brigand's
wife—but still a woman—without
the pale of society—yet with the
genius of human hearts beating in
her bosom. She put on fierceness,
as a language in which alone her
wishes could be understood, and her
humanity seconded.

Antonio rushed in, breathless.
"What now, Antonio—thy mas-
ter—speak quick!"

She rose like a tigress, sprang
forward, and pierced with her
great awakened eyes into the soul
of the robber.

"No, nothing of him, except that;
his laws are broken—Leonardo—
The messenger again panted for
breath.

"Leonardo! that villain's heart I
read with ease—he is a rebel, and
would bring civil war even here,
among our peaceful band. He
aims at sole empire—what of him?
Now thou hast breathed again."

"He has snared a single traveller,
and by this time, I fear, has hurled
him headlong from Monte Gar-
gano."

"His wanton cruelty will rouse
the whole country," cried the angry
woman, striding rapidly toward
the cliff, as if to prevent, if possible,
the consummation of the deed. "Ye
are he powerful among the men—who

warm in the absence of Leopoldo,
and follow him as a chief—by the
holy virgin, look! They are
grouped up yonder against the sky,
on the very edge of the beetling pre-
cipice. They have not yet sealed
the poor wretch's fate—see, the
victim is bound, and the circle
opens—Leonardo and Pisano have
grasped the victim—now they stoop
to gather their strength—God—
death—what! ho! Leonardo—vil-
lains—rebel—I will have the flayed;
Leonardo; ho!"

The ruffians roughly dragged the
poor painter to the fearful scene.
He who had looked from the pinn-
acle of an Italian mountain, has be-
held a sight, perhaps, magnificent
beyond parallel. The clearness of
the atmosphere, the depth of the
sky, the blueness of the placid Med-
iterranean, the levels of gorgeous
and luxuriant vegetation which rise
in the hills; the beds of fresh and
verdant loveliness which lie embos-
omed in the vales, vast tracts of
lemons and oranges sparkling and
waving in the sun, and a river, not
of water, but of sand, winding in
many broad and graceful bends by
wood and hill, by rock and garden,
beneath impending towers and
ruined castles, and under the arches
of bridges broadly built of many
stones. Never was a scene more
wonderfully splendid than that on
which the affrighted painter cast
his eyes in that awful moment.

They drew him within a few feet
of the edge, where he was bound,
amid fierce jeers and eager impa-
tience, for the wretches forced the
excitement of such a scene.

Hast thou said thy pater-noster,
painter?" said one.
"Hast thou confessed thy sins?"
asked another.

"Hast thou told thy beads?"
demanded a third.
"In the love of the Madonna,
friends, do not put me to this cruel
death!"

"Thou art late in thy application,"
said Leonardo—"when the brigands
dragged thee to the edge, and
Leonardo, deliberately motioning
the strongest of the party to assist
him, the two seized him by the feet
and shoulders, the former of which
as well as his hands, were closely
bound, and lifted him over the
brink. He closed his eyes with a
convulsive shudder—one or two
entreaties were choked in his
throat.

"Farewell, painter," cried the fero-
cious Leonardo, "a pleasant journey
to thee; it is a long one, but thou
wilt not be long on the way."

Another moment, and the world
had lost the best paintings which
ever graced the walls of its galleries
and palaces, when the shout of
Madalena, from below, arrested the
brutal arm of Leonardo.

"Per diol!" he said, "Madalena!
There will be breakers ahead."
"Diavolo!" cried the rest, "if the old
bel-dame had staid away a minute
more!"

But they could not decently finish
their atrocious deed without paying
her the respect of waiting for her
first to come up, although the tem-
ptation of flinging a man three thou-
sand feet off a precipice was almost
too powerful to be resisted.

Madalena mounted the acclivity;
she knew their natures well; and
though her horror and impatience
had the moment before, found vent
in threats and revilings, she had
calmed herself now to a steadier
mood.

"Knaves," she said, "do ye these
things alone? Should ye not, in
the absence of your chieftain, do me
the poor honor to invite me to your
amusements?"

"You are welcome," growled Leo-
nardo, fiercely, with the air of a
hungry dog, whose bone has been
just wrenched from between his
teeth by superior force; "although
uninvited, you are welcome."

"But who is the wretch, the
doomed victim of your displeasure?
what?"

She placed her finger on his fore-
head, to steady his palsied and
ghastly features, while his languid
limbs hung nervelessly in their tght
bands.

"Ah, by the virgin, this is a
boy—young—unarmed—helpless—
bound; and she took, between her
thumb and finger, a fold of his
worn garment—"poor, too—and
perhaps, an outcast and a victim,
like yours Ives."

"Ay, and the first word he spoke,"
exclaimed one of the band "was a
hatred and defiance to priests and
tyrants."

"Why, Leonardo, this is low
game—this is an insignificant prey;
this is a victim for a woman's arm,
or rather, her eyes."

"I understand no jest, fair lady.
This slave is, in all our belief, a
spy—some Austrian renegade—
some Spanish traitor—sent here,
peradventure, with promises of re-
ward for thy hood and mine."

"It were but fair," cried another,
"to let him leave his own as a pledge
for his good faith."

"Not his head, good Rinaldo, but
his heart."

"An' we have women to lead us,
and the talk be of hearts to be pier-
ced with Cupid's arrows, rather
than good Spanish steel, we may
as well drop our weapons at once."

"Thou poor youth, cease thy fears.
If thou art not sent here to do us
harm, what wild caprice hath tossed
thee among the heights of the Ab-
ruzzii?"

"I am by profession, a poor paint-
er, without a carline, or a friend. I
wandered here to study nature, that
I may transfer her features to my
canvas."

"It is a false tale," cried one of the
men: "painters love their ease too
well, and have little to do with na-
ture. Spagnuolo sleeps in the
gorgeous halls of the Spanish Vice-
roy. Neither he nor his gang haunt
the peaks of the Abruzzi. I see not
why his life should be spared."

"He is no painter," cried several
voices, "he comes here a spy—per-
haps a cardinal, perhaps a Spanish
noble. I say, give him a sound
sleep in the rocky bed of yonder
stream."

Youth," cried Madalena, "I would
save thy life; tell me truly, art thou
what thou professest to be?"

"By the blessed Redeemer, by the
holy mother, dear lady, I am!"

"Canst thou paint well, then?"

"I may not say of myself, such a
thing, but my hand is familiar with
the pencil."

"With you for this youth's life; ye have
a fair set of good faces, though some-
what rough and uncouthly; but we
will put this young stranger's skill to
the test: we can find whether he be
painter or no. I see pencils & paper in
his portfolio, through which thy bullet
Leonard, has made a perforation.—
Now lie ye down here, and let him
draw one of ye, to prove his pro-
fession, and as a specimen of his abili-
ty."

"Agreed, agreed," cried the rude
groupe, and, flinging themselves down
into careless attitudes, they unbound
the pale youth, and placed before him
the utensils of his art.

The boy, seized his pencil. It was
always his joy—now it was his inspira-
tion and his life.

"I think, Leonardo, he is a painter,
indeed," cried one, "for he grasps his
pencil as thou dost thy dagger, as if
he were used to it."

"He is well rid of his paleness, too,"
said Antonio. "I think the youngster
hath touched his skin with the color
fair women paint their cheeks with—
only the eyes are as fiery as our lady's
were, when Leonardo brought in his
last plunder."

"If the youth be truly a poor moon-
struck artist," cried Leonardo, "I thank
the saints we have spared him—but I
took him for a certain duke, whom I
have seen ere now, grinning at the
prison windows of such scum as we."

"Duke or artist," cried another; "it
was a lucky chance which brought
Madalena up the hill. He would have
been drawing else by fire fight."

While the wretches were thus en-
gaged, the animated artists had, with
a few bold touches, sketched the
splendid scene around, and told the
whole story of his morning adventure.
The cliffs frowned, with their shaggy
rugged outlines, against the sky, upon
the terrific edge of the chasm where
they sat. The ferocious ruffians lay
around, dashed off with a vigorous and
powerful hand, and strikingly like
the originals, whose eyes, now lighted
with better humor, gleamed from un-
der their black and heavy brows. On
the brink sat the artist himself, bound,
and aghast at the prospect of approach-
ing death, and in the centre rose Ma-
dalena, commanding from of Madalena, a
gar on his head, securely re-straining
with the savage banditti against their
murderous intent.

The brigands fully shouted with
delight, as each portrait was recogniz-
ed, and, with one accord, promised
him his life and liberty.

warm in the absence of Leopoldo,
and follow him as a chief—by the
holy virgin, look! They are
grouped up yonder against the sky,
on the very edge of the beetling pre-
cipice. They have not yet sealed
the poor wretch's fate—see, the
victim is bound, and the circle
opens—Leonardo and Pisano have
grasped the victim—now they stoop
to gather their strength—God—
death—what! ho! Leonardo—vil-
lains—rebel—I will have the flayed;
Leonardo; ho!"

The ruffians roughly dragged the
poor painter to the fearful scene.
He who had looked from the pinn-
acle of an Italian mountain, has be-
held a sight, perhaps, magnificent
beyond parallel. The clearness of
the atmosphere, the depth of the
sky, the blueness of the placid Med-
iterranean, the levels of gorgeous
and luxuriant vegetation which rise
in the hills; the beds of fresh and
verdant loveliness which lie embos-
omed in the vales, vast tracts of
lemons and oranges sparkling and
waving in the sun, and a river, not
of water, but of sand, winding in
many broad and graceful bends by
wood and hill, by rock and garden,
beneath impending towers and
ruined castles, and under the arches
of bridges broadly built of many
stones. Never was a scene more
wonderfully splendid than that on
which the affrighted painter cast
his eyes in that awful moment.

They drew him within a few feet
of the edge, where he was bound,
amid fierce jeers and eager impa-
tience, for the wretches forced the
excitement of such a scene.

Hast thou said thy pater-noster,
painter?" said one.
"Hast thou confessed thy sins?"
asked another.

"Hast thou told thy beads?"
demanded a third.
"In the love of the Madonna,
friends, do not put me to this cruel
death!"

"Thou art late in thy application,"
said Leonardo—"when the brigands
dragged thee to the edge, and
Leonardo, deliberately motioning
the strongest of the party to assist
him, the two seized him by the feet
and shoulders, the former of which
as well as his hands, were closely
bound, and lifted him over the
brink. He closed his eyes with a
convulsive shudder—one or two
entreaties were choked in his
throat.

"Farewell, painter," cried the fero-
cious Leonardo, "a pleasant journey
to thee; it is a long one, but thou
wilt not be long on the way."

Another moment, and the world
had lost the best paintings which
ever graced the walls of its galleries
and palaces, when the shout of
Madalena, from below, arrested the
brutal arm of Leonardo.

"Per diol!" he said, "Madalena!
There will be breakers ahead."
"Diavolo!" cried the rest, "if the old
bel-dame had staid away a minute
more!"

But they could not decently finish
their atrocious deed without paying
her the respect of waiting for her
first to come up, although the tem-
ptation of flinging a man three thou-
sand feet off a precipice was almost
too powerful to be resisted.

Madalena mounted the acclivity;
she knew their natures well; and
though her horror and impatience
had the moment before, found vent
in threats and revilings, she had
calmed herself now to a steadier
mood.

"Knaves," she said, "do ye these
things alone? Should ye not, in
the absence of your chieftain, do me
the poor honor to invite me to your
amusements?"

"You are welcome," growled Leo-
nardo, fiercely, with the air of a
hungry dog, whose bone has been
just wrenched from between his
teeth by superior force; "although
uninvited, you are welcome."

"But who is the wretch, the
doomed victim of your displeasure?
what?"

She placed her finger on his fore-
head, to steady his palsied and
ghastly features, while his languid
limbs hung nervelessly in their tght
bands.

"Ah, by the virgin, this is a
boy—young—unarmed—helpless—
bound; and she took, between her
thumb and finger, a fold of his
worn garment—"poor, too—and
perhaps, an outcast and a victim,
like yours Ives."

"Ay, and the first word he spoke,"
exclaimed one of the band "was a
hatred and defiance to priests and
tyrants."

"Why, Leonardo, this is low
game—this is an insignificant prey;
this is a victim for a woman's arm,
or rather, her eyes."

"I understand no jest, fair lady.
This slave is, in all our belief, a
spy—some Austrian renegade—
some Spanish traitor—sent here,
peradventure, with promises of re-
ward for thy hood and mine."

"It were but fair," cried another,
"to let him leave his own as a pledge
for his good faith."

"Not his head, good Rinaldo, but
his heart."

"An' we have women to lead us,
and the talk be of hearts to be pier-
ced with Cupid's arrows, rather
than good Spanish steel, we may
as well drop our weapons at once."

"Thou poor youth, cease thy fears.
If thou art not sent here to do us
harm, what wild caprice hath tossed
thee among the heights of the Ab-
ruzzii?"

"I am by profession, a poor paint-
er, without a carline, or a friend. I
wandered here to study nature, that
I may transfer her features to my
canvas."

"It is a false tale," cried one of the
men: "painters love their ease too
well, and have little to do with na-
ture. Spagnuolo sleeps in the
gorgeous halls of the Spanish Vice-
roy. Neither he nor his gang haunt
the peaks of the Abruzzi. I see not
why his life should be spared."

"He is no painter," cried several
voices, "he comes here a spy—per-
haps a cardinal, perhaps a Spanish
noble. I say, give him a sound
sleep in the rocky bed of yonder
stream."

Youth," cried Madalena, "I would
save thy life; tell me truly, art thou
what thou professest to be?"

"By the blessed Redeemer, by the
holy mother, dear lady, I am!"

"Canst thou paint well, then?"

"I may not say of myself, such a
thing, but my hand is familiar with
the pencil."

"With you for this youth's life; ye have
a fair set of good faces, though some-
what rough and uncouthly; but we
will put this young stranger's skill to
the test: we can find whether he be
painter or no. I see pencils & paper in
his portfolio, through which thy bullet
Leonard, has made a perforation.—
Now lie ye down here, and let him
draw one of ye, to prove his pro-
fession, and as a specimen of his abili-
ty."

"Agreed, agreed," cried the rude
groupe, and, flinging themselves down
into careless attitudes, they unbound
the pale youth, and placed before him
the utensils of his art.

The boy, seized his pencil. It was
always his joy—now it was his inspira-
tion and his life.

"I think, Leonardo, he is a painter,
indeed," cried one, "for he grasps his
pencil as thou dost thy dagger, as if
he were used to it."

"He is well rid of his paleness, too,"
said Antonio. "I think the youngster
hath touched his skin with the color
fair women paint their cheeks with—
only the eyes are as fiery as our lady's
were, when Leonardo brought in his
last plunder."

"If the youth be truly a poor moon-
struck artist," cried Leonardo, "I thank
the saints we have spared him—but I
took him for a certain duke, whom I
have seen ere now, grinning at the
prison windows of such scum as we."

"Duke or artist," cried another; "it
was a lucky chance which brought
Madalena up the hill. He would have
been drawing else by fire fight."



"This is nobly done, gentle youth. Thou hast in thee the cunning of true genius. Here shalt thou remain, as thou art, till I have seen thee in the fullness of thy power, and I will then give thee a hospitable entertainment, and a safe return—I am right, comrades."

"Yes, by the heart of Diana, not a hair of his head shall be injured by us."

Even Leonardo, smiling, and said, "The hand that drew this should not perish among the mountains."

"And what is thy name, young man?" inquired Magdalena, kindly.

"Alas! I have no name," replied the liberated youth, "the world knows not of me. It will scarcely dwell in thy remembrance; but I am called, in my own little circle, Salvatore 'Ros."

The obscure painter long dwelt with his rough friends, and it is supposed, imbibed among them many of those deep and splendid conceptions, which have since made the productions, from his hand, precious treasures in the galleries of kings, princes and pontiffs. The magnificent figures of robbers, found scattered through his works, are said to be closely drawn from his entertainers among the Abruzzi; and he has even left one picture, an engraving, in which the above recital is narrated more vividly; where the fierce brigands still recline around where the noble Magdalena still re-monstrates, with her finger on his head; and where he, the greatest artist in many respects, which the world ever saw, and the only landscape painter produced by a country, the most remarkable of all countries for its exquisitely beautiful scenery, hangs trembling over the cliff, awaiting the appeal of a robber's wife be pronounced upon by the group of Neapolitan brigands.

From the Nat. Int.
Politics of the Day.
[Communicated for publication.]
WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 7, 1835.
HON. DAVID CROCKETT.

Dear Sir:—We have learned, because you secretly informed us, that you have declined permitting your name to be used as a candidate for the Presidency of the U. S. and that you have addressed a letter to that effect, some time since, to the Committee of the Convention of Mississippi, by whom you were elected, and a number of our friends held in a kind of caucus, it has been concluded that we should come out in a seeming open application for a copy of your letter, pretending that it is important that your friends elsewhere, as well as in Mississippi, may have an early opportunity of turning their attention to some other suitable person, but really to give you an occasion to play off upon the public one of your best efforts for effect, and to keep up the humbuggery of the Bank, Gold Currency, and all that sort of thing so necessary to blind the people, and keep our party together.

Yours, with great respect,
NICHOLAS BANKS, of Penn.
ANDREW J. DILLON, of Inda.
THOS. B. GOLDWIRE, of N. H.
MARTIN V. TRASHMONEY, N. Y.

Washington City, Jan. 8, 1835.
GENTLEMEN—I send you a copy of the letter you wish. It is not my wish to take advantage of any body. I never said I cared about being President now, and so I have writ to all my friends in private letters, and when I talked about it always talked that way. As Mississippi was the first state, (and I expected it would be the last) that nominated me for the Government, I writ the letter and sent it there to be printed, to show that I did not go off half cocked, and to keep people from thinking that I had refused before I was ready. But as I want another man elected in the north, that I may have a sort of a plea to come in next time myself from the South West and as I see some people are going to try to hunt for themselves, and don't seem to be after the same gamethat I am, but are scouting all about to start other sport, and seem to be barking up the wrong sapling, I want to blow 'em off and put 'em on the right trail. But as we understand each other, I shan't say any more but just send you the letter, and am glad you mean to publish it. Your friend,

DAVID CROCKETT.
To the committee.

Washington City, Dec. 1, 1835.
Dear Sir:—I oppose the Democratic Convention in earnest recommending me to be the President of the U. S. There is so much trickery about that thing now days, and so many sham nomina-

tions just to make people shew their hands, that I thought I would let you see that I know a thing or two about it. I stated how thankful I am for your pitching on me for the Presidency. But I am sorry I don't want the office just now—I am after another thing. I'm a very candid man, and when my mind is fixed upon a matter, you might as well try to stop gunpowder half blown up, as stop me. I can't agree to be President.

The next election for President and Vice goes ahead of all the elections that ever took place in America, except when Jefferson and the present Government was elected. These two boat all creation, because they fought for the democratic principle. Now I should think the Constitution quite gone unless the democracy—that is, our side, all the office holders in the country, and in Washington City, and at New York, and every where—carried the election in 1836. To win that election we must give item to one another—We must hang together like a pitch plaser to a bald pate. No flying off—no thinking for ourselves. One man must think for all. We must have but one candidate, and for that reason I won't go upon the list. I'll be a 'voter' and this is a big character, able to shoolder a steam boat, and carry any candidate that the caucus at Baltimore may set up against the people. What's the people to caucus? Nothing but a dead ague to an earhquake.

But, gentlemen, though I can't take the appointment myself, I will tell you who can, and you won't have to consider him long, neither. He will play shy at first, owing to his nature, but it ain't hard to bring him too. It is Mr. Martin Van Buren. Perhaps you never heard of him before. He never meddles in any body's business. I have known him a long time, and I can assure you he is all sorts of a great man. Where any other man has one good quality he has lots. We didn't set in the same chair together more than two years, but fully half that time he was either in my lap or I in his, exchanging compliments, so that I know him better than a book, and can say, take him up one side and down t'other, he is the most fitting man next to General Jackson, for the President, of any man that

dear, is a caution, all over. He is dyed in the wool, through, and comes as near to the red britches of Mr. Jefferson as a new patch upon an old garment can be made. As to ability, he himself don't know how much he knows, and if he don't, who can?

He ain't like any other living creature; he can't be attacked—lights just as well behind as before—sees as well one way as another. They say his life is like a clean copy book—there is not a blot in any part of it; not a word nor letter scratched out, and every dotted, and every crossed, from one end to t'other. In his natural disposition, he is as tame as the present government, and will just suit to come after it.

The way his own state thinks of him outshines the yellow jackets. They have been stallfeeding him for 22 years, and have got him as slick as an ingon. His state is the biggest in the Union—has got two millions of people—42 members in Congress; the longest canals—the largest ships—more banks—smaller notes; less cunning, and more honesty; than any state in the Union; and has never had a President yet—a great reason this for giving her one now, though she has had three Vice Presidents out of seven, besides other high officers, from Alexander Hamilton down. But ignorant people, with a glib sort of a tongue, says, what has he done? They ought to ask what has he not done? I wouldn't answer the first question so far as the people is concerned, but for his sake, I will tell you what he has done. And not to get ahead of my story, I will go back to the time he began to be a politician. He set out with this rule—never to choose sides till he found out which was a mistake, and if he happened to make a mistake, it was nothing to nobody and things soon got straight. He never was wrong in any dispute, if either side was right, that is, he was always right, unless both sides was wrong.

He broke up a whole Legislature in New York to support Mr. Madison in the war, and threatened to turn him out of his government, and put Mr. Clinton in; but failing in this, he turned over again and tried to break down Mr. Clinton, in New York. All the time he was for war, he was making the people believe Mr. Madison was not to be trusted; and there has been pieces

printed from his speeches, and will be printed over, I suppose, shewing how he abused Mr. Madison's government. Then he praised Mr. Clinton and afterwards turned right round and talked t'other way. He was all sorts of a member in the New York Legislature. He was one of the litter of great men that was got by the War out of the old U. S. Bank. He took sides with his father, and went his death against his mother. He was the very man or the time—talk—write—fight—bring in bills—laugh—make—bows; draw State papers, which, finally made the federal party smell the patching that drove them from the field in April, 1814. This was a rare New Orleans scrape, and it was a long time before the people at Washington found out which was the biggest affair. But Mr. Van Buren always give up, that Orleans was the greatest. Now, so much for the question, what has he done?

It is true, he voted for the Tariff of 1828; that bill of abominations, as it was then called but he was obliged to do that; his Legislature instructed him, but some have said that they instructed him by his own request, for his friends have boasted that he has never seen the day for the last ten years, that he couldn't make a New York Legislature do as he wanted them. But this vote proves what I said before. He went against the Tariff at home, called the Harrisburgh Convention, while it was hatching this very Tariff bill of 1828, a trick and turn over to make a President, and then goes to Congress and votes for it. Don't this look like a man can't well be wrong that takes both sides? It looks a little curious that a man should go against a measure at home, speak it in public, write again it, abuse it as a fraud and trick, and get elected under these circumstances, and then get the very Legislature to elect him to tell him to vote against his own 'graphic' speeches, and for a measure proceeding more from the Closet than from the Work shop. This is the way he got the name of a Magician, and it looks a good deal like it to a man up in a tree.

Mr. Van Buren has been more scandalized than any man in the world, not excepting Mr. Jefferson. Every body has combined against him. He has never interfered with

Jackson's favorite, and he would have made him his successor. But they poured so much poison in the old man's ears about his conduct against the Seminoles, that he never would bare Van Buren any more. And he poor man, gave up his Secretaryship, rather than have any fuss. He has never complained, and bore it all like a Christian. Now some people have said, that he was first for Crawford against Jackson, and Jackson's South Carolina friends; and then he was for Adams; and finally he came in at the eleventh hour for Jackson, got into the nest of Jackson's first and fast friends, rooted 'em out took their place, and they even go so far as to say, that he is the choice of General Jackson for President. But this ain't so; if it was, it would make him look again a little like a Magician.

He has been accused about the Safety Fund Banks in New York, people don't know any thing about these banks. Mr. Van Buren has always been in favor of hard money, and he always obstinately refused to let any more than 150 banks be chartered at one time in New York, and then he said, and stood to it, they should not issue notes lower than a quarter of a dollar; for if they went for notes under that, it would drive all the specie out of the country. And then again he provided, that for every sixty three dollars issued in paper, there should be one dollar in silver, but not satisfied with making the notes secure, by providing the above specie to take 'em up, he said that if one bank failed, all the others should make it good. Now, this is the Safety Fund system of New York. These banks are all in a league, and to keep their privileges, and to keep up one another, and to keep up their party, they have a joint fund that is always subject to party purposes, to pay for votes, for treating, for traveling, for printing, for bandbills, and for every thing that is necessary to carry an election.

All this is managed at Albany, and is called the Albany Regency. Now by this system New York has sound the ears, and place the country in the frightful situation in which it was situated when Virginia gave us four democratic Presidents—three hand running. It won't do. Let the next President come from the North and then I go with all my heart for a South west President, the time after, and that President shall be myself. Hoping that you will not forge me

this till they proved it upon him by his letter, and because they happened to forget about his trying to get this Branch. His enemies want to make out that he rows one way and looks another, and this is the kind of proof that is to make a man a double dealer: a magician!

They call him non-committal, too, and this is because he always looks before he leaps. They say he never gives the measure of his foot. Now how can this be, when it is shewn that he speaks against the Tariff at home, and votes for it in Congress; goes for internal improvement by the General Government in New York, but against it out of it, goes against the Bank at Philadelphia, but in favor of it at Utica; goes for all the candidates for President in turn, Jackson last, notwithstanding which they say he is in higher favor there now than those that began before him. Went for the war, but went against Madison; wanted to turn out Madison, and put in Clinton, and then turned Clinton out from the little offices he held in New York. Goes for gold and hard money, and has more rag money in his State than all the other States put together. Call you this non-committal? As well may you call the fingers of a watch non-committal, that goes regular round to every figure on its face.

I have gone through what they say against Mr. Van Buren, and now I must speak about our sticking together: every thing for Van Buren, nothing for nobody else—that is nothing for Judge White; for to tell you the truth the whole of this letter is just intended to keep the People from opening their eyes. Some very good honest Jackson men are foolish enough to think they ought to have an opinion of their own, and talk about it quite grave. The words 'Magician,' 'little Magician,' 'non-committal,' 'safety fund,' 'Albany Regency,' 'New York tactics,' and such like have been named so often they begin to think there is something in it, and say, where there is so much smoke there must be fire, or, as we hunters used to say, where there is so much sign there must be game. Now Mr. V. Buren and me, and the men who wrote to send 'em this letter to be published, and a good many of our folks, have all together, and we think by making a great rush upon these free thinkers we can whip 'em back into the party and make 'em stand up to their rack, fodder or on foot.

This letter is all for that purpose I know and we all know, that one half of it isn't true, and the other is trash. My friends said to me, your name sounds big, and if you come out and make believe that you don't want to be President, and talk about democracy, aristocracy, Jefferson, Madison, Crawford, persecution, the war, the Bank, gold currency, hard money, but, above all, Jackson and the battle of New Orleans, and then hurra for union, harmony, concession, Van Buren, and the great State of New York; the secedors will tack and run back into the democratic republican fold, which means the Van Buren fold.

You must take notice that I am alab'd off from the election, and am nothing but a 'voter,' and this gives me the right to dictate to the rest, and to tell them that I have no concern but to keep the democratic party united. Shallow handed men won't see into this, and then I can, go on to say you ought to elect Mr. Van Buren, because he is from the north. If we can keep things straight till we do this, the next time the President must come from the South west, and then where do I stand? By that time the party will be so well drilled that they will take any body that the party says they must take, and in the mean time, I think I can cry Bank! Bank! Monster! Corruption! Gold! Hard Money! Democracy! and all that, so that if you will recommend me then, I'll be your man.

If White should be elected now, that will be two Presidents from the South west, and then I can't possibly get in, but take Van Buren, and by the time his term is up Judge White will never be in my way. It is true Judge White is as good a Jeffersonian as Martin Van Buren, but no better; and besides he shouldered his musket, and fought bravely through the last war, (to say more might look like envy.) But if we elect him it will be greedy; look like we wanted all the Presidents.

It would break up the democratic party—set the States together by the ears, and place the country in the frightful situation in which it was situated when Virginia gave us four democratic Presidents—three hand running. It won't do. Let the next President come from the North and then I go with all my heart for a South west President, the time after, and that President shall be myself. Hoping that you will not forge me

eight years hence, and that we can keep the People from thinking for themselves against a Caucus nomination.

I am your fellow citizen,
DAVID CROCKETT.

COL. CROCKETT.

We learn that upwards of ten thousand copies of the Life of Col. Crockett, have been sold by the publishers, Messrs. Carey & Hart. The profit to the Colonel has been something like three thousands dollars. Another work is in the hands of the publishers, from the same pen. It is a narrative of the Colonel's tour through the Eastern states, and is said to be very amusing. We shall be able to offer an extract in the course of a day or two.

Col. Crockett's last.

A Washington letter writer says, alluding to the anniversary dinner of the 8th: "about 3 o'clock to day, I met the Tennessee Nimrod. I made some inquiry of him respecting the convivial scenes of last night. I gave you his brief description, 'I met,' said he, 'four of the party going home. Of the four there was not one who could have bit the ground with his hat, at three trials.' This test of inebriety is not only striking but well grounded.

A temperance meeting of mechanics was held last week in the city of New York; which was attended by more than two thousand persons. At the conclusion of the addresses, papers were handed through the meeting containing the temperance pledge, to which upwards of 500 signatures were obtained.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Joseph Weaver, aged 23, and Joseph Kessler aged 22, two young men in the employment of Mr. Cooper, living in New Jersey, above Camden, crossed the Delaware on the ice on Saturday evening to Kensington. They took the precaution to extend before them a long pole to try the ice. Having obtained a quantity of clothing, for which they came over, they started to return but it being a bright moonlight night, they left the pole and walked in the path as near as they could, on which they came. On Sunday morning their bundles of clothing were found on the ice at the edge of an air hole. This was the fatal accident.

that the persons had fallen though, their friends offered a reward for the recovery of the bodies, and on Monday both bodies were grappled and brought up through the hole into which they had fallen, in water 18 feet deep.—Phil. U. S. Gaz.

'Pie us Fraud.'

Under this head an Ohio paper relates the following story, which will interest that useful class of people called jailors.—

A few days since a fellow, lately discharged from custody, called the jailor as we are informed and presented a pie for his fellow prisoners, who were still languished in durane vile. The humane and benevolent gentleman, who presides over that establishment, thinking there could be no harm in regaling the prisoners with a Christmas offering, readily delivered them the pie, which operated so powerfully upon the nerves of the rogues that before the next day they had found it impossible to restrain their impatience to be free, and had winged their flight 'o'er the fields and far away.' On investigating the scene of their operations, it seems that a number of files had been served up in the pie, with which they soon severed the bars of their windows and escaped. We understand that several horses were stolen in this neighborhood on the same night, and have no doubt that the gentlemen availed themselves of the services of those useful animals, to assist the digestion of their Christmas offering.

PHRENOLOGICAL.

Tom Hood, in his new novel of Tylney Hall, says that Phrenologist, have never satisfactorily accounted for the fact, that when a man is puzzled, he scratches his head.

The explanation is very simple upon phrenological principles.—'When a man is puzzled,' he is in intense thought, and his brain is in an unusual state of activity consequently an unusually large quantity of blood is sent to the head, which produces an uncommon feeling, in some instances, of fullness, in others, of irritation on the surface. In the former case, the forehead is generally grasped and pressed by the hand, in the latter, the person scratches his head.

Greenwood Leflore, late Chief of the Choctaw Indians, is chosen a member of the Legislature of Mississippi.



THE BORDERER.

"Nullius in verba."

Snow-Hill, Md.

Tuesday, February 3, 1835.

Our own Affairs.

This number closes the first volume of *The Borderer*, and although the duties have been onerous, in consequence of peculiar circumstances, we have endeavored faithfully and diligently to discharge them. No pains have been spared to furnish our readers, in the language of our prospectus, "With the most important domestic intelligence in relation to our county, country, and its many legislatures—the most interesting foreign news; and the most racy extracts from the newspapers and magazines within our reach." How far we have succeeded in our endeavours, the public must determine. Among the many events we have recorded, none will remain so indelibly impressed upon our mind, as the recent and calamitous conflagration, that laid waste our village, which now, instead of presenting the pleasant hum of business and commercial prosperity, that was wont to attract attention, exhibits an unsightly heap of ruins. Never! no never, can we forget the night of the 24th of November last. Time may roll on in its usual course. New events may occur—but that eventful night, and all its attendant and terrific horrors, can never be erased from the minds of those who witnessed them.

We are unwilling to detain the reader, with a rehearsal of the many difficulties we have had to encounter in the prosecution of the multiplicity of necessary devolving upon the proprietor of a public press. We would, however, state that during the past year, we have added many names to our subscription, and our advertising and other custom have proportionably increased.

In conclusion, we present our thanks for the patronage already received, and indulge the hope, that by assiduous attention to the duties we have assumed, we may merit a continuance of it. It shall be our constant endeavour to give entire satisfaction to all who may be pleased to patronize this office.

French Spoiliations.—The bill reported by Mr. W. W. W. proposing to appropriate five millions of dollars, to indemnify the sufferers by French spoiliations upon our commerce previous to 1800, was taken up in the Senate of the United States, on the 28th ultimo, and passed. Affirmative, 25, Negative 21.

Louisiana Senator.—Charles Gayard, Esq. has been elected to the Senate of the United States by the Legislature of Louisiana. Mr. Gayard is a resident of N. Orleans, and a friend of the present administration.

THE HARBOUR CLEAR.—The northwesterly wind which prevailed yesterday, blew the floating ice from our harbour, and it is now perfectly clear. There is, therefore, no longer any impediment in the navigation on that account, and as the Steam-boats have commenced their operations, things are beginning to take their regular course.—Baltimore Rep. of the 30th ult.

The Globe of the 24th instant, gives an account of a duel fought near Washington between Mr. Wise, member of the House of Representatives from Virginia, and Mr. Coke, former representative from the same District. Mr. Wise is a young man in Accomac County, of considerable talents but with scarce discretion enough to curb his warm and rash temper. In this affair however, he

was the challenged party. The following particulars, are from the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Times.

Washington City, Jan. 22, 1835. We had an affair of honor in the neighborhood this forenoon, which produced much sensation in this City. The Hon. Henry A. Wise, a member of the House of Representatives from Virginia, was challenged to mortal combat by his immediate predecessor, Richard Coke Esq. The dispute which produced this result originated pending the canvass between these gentlemen for the seat in the present Congress. Mr. Wise succeeded in ousting Mr. Coke, and the latter came to this City a few days since, and challenged the former. The parties, with their seconds, &c. met this morning near Bladensburg, and exchanged shots with pistols, at a distance of twenty four feet. Coke was wounded in the arm, and the ball lodged in the fleshy part of the body. The wound is not dangerous. Mr. Wise escaped unhurt. A reconciliation took place on the ground. Both gentlemen are said to have acted with coolness and bravery on the occasion.

The Court of appeals yesterday decided the case which was lately argued with so much ability, wherein the state claimed the amount of the State Deposits in the Bank of Maryland, as a preference debt against that institution. The decision went against the claim.—Md. Republican.

Sentence of the Criminals.

Judge Kilgour yesterday delivered the most affecting and impressive sentence, that was ever listened to, in our Court House. Owen Murphy to be hung. Terrence Coyle and Patrick Galligan, 18 years each, to the Penitentiary. The trial of other indictments against the two latter, as well as all the other cases, have been removed to Baltimore County Court. We were in hopes of obtaining a copy of the sentence in time for this paper but were not able to effect it.

Legislature of Maryland. House of Delegates.

Friday, Jan. 23d, 1835.

On motion of Mr. Hughes. Ordered, That the committee on grievances and courts of justice, be instructed to enquire into the propriety of amending the laws in relation to distresses, so as to require an affidavit to be annexed to claims for rent, before a distress shall be permitted to be made.

Saturday Jan. 24, 1835.

Mr. Gillis obtained leave to bring in a bill, entitled, an act to provide for the improvement of a portion of the county road therein mentioned, in Worcester county.

Ordered, That Messrs. Gillis, Hearn and Beavans, report the same.

The bill reported by Mr. Hearn, entitled, an act to authorize the Levy Courts of Somerset and Worcester counties to purchase a ferry boat for the use of Steven's or Pollis's ferry, between Somerset and Worcester counties, and to regulate the letting out of said ferry.

Was taken up for consideration and passed.

Monday, Jan. 26th, 1835.

Mr. Hughes obtained leave to bring in a bill, to be entitled, a further supplement to an act, relating to the people of color in this state, passed at December session, 1831 chapter 281.

Ordered, That Messrs. Hughes, Dudley, and Welty report the same.

Mr. Williams reported a bill, entitled an act to provide for the building a court house in Worcester county.

Mr. Moores obtained leave to bring in a bill, to be entitled, an act to repeal certain parts of the act relating to the people of color of this State.

Ordered, That Messrs. Moores, Merrick and Cottman, report the same.

Mr. Merrick submitted the following order.

Ordered, that the committee on grievances and courts of justice be instructed to enquire into the expediency of increasing the compensation allowed to the judicial officers of this State.

Which was wisely read and rejected.

Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1835.

Mr. Brengle presented a petition of sundry citizens of Frederick county, relating to the jurisdiction of Magistrates, praying the same to be clearly defined.

Which was read and referred to the Committee on grievances and courts of justice.

Mr. Kershner presented a petition of sundry citizens of Washington county, praying for the reorganization of the militia of this state.

Which was read and referred to the committee on the militia.

Mr. Brengle asked leave to bring in a bill, entitled, a further additional supplement to an act, entitled, an act for quieting possessions, enrolling conveyances, and securing the estates of purchasers.

Which was read,

And,

On motion Mr. Brengle, referred to the committee on grievances and courts of justice.

Mr. Brengle also asked leave, to bring in a bill, entitled, a further additional supplement to the act, entitled, an act for amending and reducing into system, the laws and regulations concerning last wills and testaments, the duties of executors, administrators and guardians, and the rights of orphans and other representatives of deceased persons.

Which was read, and

On motion of Mr. Brengle, referred to the committee on grievances and courts of justice.

On motion of Mr. Beavans,

Ordered, That the committee on elections and privileges, be instructed to enquire into expediency of amending revising and consolidating into one act, all the laws now in force on the subject of elections.

Mr. Teackle, chairman of the select committee, to which was referred an order of the house, to consider upon the propriety of establishing a State Bank, to enquire into the propriety of assenting to the provisions of a bill, reported in Congress, which contemplates the distribution of a national currency, and the deposits of the moneys of the U. S. under the direction of the several states.

And, the memorials of sundry citizens of different counties, praying the establishment of a State Bank, delivered a report.

Which was read, and

On motion of Mr. Teackle, referred to the committee on corporations.

Wednesday, Jan. 28.

Mr. Teackle presented a memorial and petition of a number of citizens of this State, representing the insufficiency of circulating medium, existing to that cause, the depression of the Agricultural interest and praying for the establishment of a Banking Institution, to be founded upon the funds and credit of the state, for the supply of revenue to the Treasury and the general convenience of the people.

Which was read and referred to the committee on corporations.

The speaker laid before the house a petition of sundry citizens of this state, praying the establishment of a State Bank.

Which was read and referred to the committee on corporations.

Mr. Cottman asked leave to bring in a bill, to be entitled an act to carry into effect the provisions of an act to provide for the public instruction of youth in primary schools throughout this state.

Which was read and on motion of Mr. Cottman, referred to the committee on education.

On motion of Mr. Beavans,

Ordered, that the Treasurer of the western shore report to this house, the number and names of all the academies, colleges and schools, in this State, which receive donations, and the amount of donation given to each.

Mr. Jones of Somerset, chairman of the committee on grievances and courts of justice, to which was referred the petition of Jacob H. Munckhuysen, praying the passage of a supplement to the act, entitled, an act relating to the recording deeds at Dec session 1831, ch. 304.

Also, an order of the house of the 19th inst., requiring them to enquire into the expediency of repealing the second section of the act of December session, 1825, ch. 114, entitled, an additional supplement to the act, entitled, an act directing the manner of serving out attachments in this province, and limiting the extent of them.

And, an order of the house of the 14th inst., requiring them to enquire into the expediency of passing a law requiring the Auditors in Chancery to give notice to all persons who may have suspended claims, and their objections thereto, reported upon favorable thereon.

Which were generally read the first and second time, by special order, and severally concurred in.

Mr. Teackle, chairman of the select committee, reported a bill, entitled, an act to establish the Bank of the State of Maryland, and to grant the assent of the State to the provisions of a bill, in congress, to create a national currency, and provide for the custody, transmission, and disbursement of the moneys of the U. S. States.

Which was read,

And, on motion of Mr. Teackle,

referred to the committee on corporations.

The bill reported by Mr. Williams, entitled, an act to provide for the building a court house in Worcester county.

Was taken up for consideration, and read the second time, and passed.

Thursday, Jan. 29.

The House met. Present the same members as on yesterday.

Mr. Neils presented a petition of sundry citizens of Dorchester county, praying for a law, supplementary to the testamentary system.

Which was read and referred to the Committee on grievances and courts of justice.

Mr. Dorsey obtained leave to bring in a bill, entitled, an act to allow magistrates to issue attachments in all cases, in which the amount in controversy does not exceed fifty dollars.

Ordered, That Messrs. Dorsey, Jones of Somerset, and Brengle, report the same.

Mr. Merrick reported a bill, entitled, an act to repeal the eleventh and twelfth section of an act passed 16 May, 1780, ch. 24, entitled, an act for licensing and regulating ordinary keepers.

And, Mr. Merrick reported a bill, entitled, an act to provide for the appointment of district and ward justices in the several counties and cities in this State, and to regulate the proceedings of justices of the peace.

Mr. Sothoron asked leave to bring in a bill, to be entitled, an additional supplement to an act, entitled, an act relating to free negroes and slaves, passed at December session, eighteen hundred and thirty one, chapter three hundred and twenty three.

Mr. Sothoron moved to refer said bill to a select committee.

Resolved in the affirmative.

The bill reported by Mr. Hearn, entitled, an act to regulate the inspectors of lumber in the city of Baltimore, was taken up for consideration.

When on motion of Mr. Burchenal, said bill was referred to the committee on inspections.

The house then adjourned until tomorrow morning ten o'clock.

The Seminole tribe of Indians residing in Florida are about to be removed to the banks of White River.

six companies of U. S. troops were to be united at Fort King, to compel the removal, if necessary.—Balt. American.

The National Intelligencer states that on Tuesday the Senate rejected the nomination of H. D. Gilpin, (last year rejected as a Bank Director) to the office of Governor of the Territory of Michigan.

At a public meeting of the citizens of Hamilton County, Ohio, held on the 10th instant, General William H. Harrison was nominated as a candidate for the next Presidency.

John J. Crittenden has been elected by a large majority in both Houses of the Legislature of Kentucky, to be a Senator of the United States for six years, from the 3d day of March next, to succeed Mr. Bibb, whose term of service will then expire.

Mrs. Bogue, of Amherst, on the 29 September last, the anniversary of her ninety-ninth year, spun sixty knots and thirty threads of handsome woolen yarn.

The Legislature of Alabama has adopted resolutions nominating the Hon. Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, as a candidate for the Presidency.—The first resolution which was adopted in the House by a vote of 45 to 20, is as follows:

Be it therefore resolved by the members of the House of Representatives of the state of Alabama, that this House do consider the Hon. Hugh L. White of Tennessee, a statesman eminently qualified for the office of Chief Magistrate of the U. S., an individual more likely than any other to unite the support of the Democratic republican party throughout the Union & especially the whole people of the South and West. But, in the event there should be danger of the final determination of the next election for President devolving on the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, we recommend to the people of Alabama to take such measures, and select such persons, as shall be in their judgment best calculated to prevent that emergency.

A Washington letter, dated 20 inst. says—

Judge White's answer to the Tennessee delegation respecting his stand

ding as a candidate for the Presidency will appear on Thursday next. He thinks it an office neither to be sought nor declined and this determination, in view of the approaching National Convention, will bring upon him the denunciations of the Globe.

Singular and most important invention.—Mr. Parker, of Syracuse, New York, has discovered a compound upon which will harden like stone, and yet may be worked in a soft state as easily as mortar. Exposure to the weather causes it to petrify & become actual stone, requiring a heavy blow with a hammer to break it. Mr. P. has recently completed a section of canal as a specimen of that intended to bring water near New York from the Crounion River. It may be cast in moulds in the form of pillars, fire places, vessels, &c., and is not dearer than brick. Its value incalculable for buildings, cisterns, &c., situated in damp places. It is undoubtedly one of the most important inventions of the day. The American Institute have awarded Mr. Parker a gold medal.—The Troy Jan.

Sore Backs in Horses.

White lead, moistened with milk of sweet oil, has been recommended as the most effective application in the complaint.

TIN MANUFACTORY.

WM. B. STUART.

Respectfully informs the Citizens of Snow-hill, and the public generally, that he has opened his

MANUFACTORY, at the house a few doors below Mrs. James G. Messick's coach establishment, and near the public wharf, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, with promptness, neatness, and durability. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

N. B.—Pewter, Lead, Copper, Brass, Rags and Feathers, will be received in exchange, for all work done.

January 27, 1835.

\$10 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on the night of the 27th ult., an indentured negro boy, named LEONARD ARMWOOD, 10 years and six months old, about 5 ft. 7 or 8 inches high, he has a down look when spoken to, had on when he went away a new fustian coat and pantaloons, an old fur hat &c. took with him a small bag containing some money, some clothes, a Leonard can read, write and cipher, he has some knowledge of Geography. He writes his name Leonard J. Armwood, he is a great talker, sings clear and pretends to be very religious. He is very subtle and had laid his plan to take some negro slaves along with him, and has wrote to his correspondent at New York to inform him thereof, he is calculated to do considerable harm, I expect he has gone to Ephraim Hovey's below Eriecass Anne, who married his sister, or to his grandfather's Daniel Armwood, near Mr. John Williams' Esq. in order to get a passage to New York. All persons are hereby forewarned of harbouring or entertaining said boy, and all masters or owners of vessels are hereby forewarned of conveying him away at their peril. Any person who may take up said boy and deliver him to me at Snow-hill, or Salisbury, shall have the above reward.

JAMES ROUND.

February 3, 1835.

Public Sale.

WILL sell in the town of Snow-Hill, on Friday the 13th day of February next on the premises, between the hours of two and four o'clock, P. M., my two lots situated in said town, whereon stood the shop adjoining the store of Messrs. George & Sewel Jenkins, occupied as a Hat Manufactory, and the other, whereon stood the store house occupied by Mr. Thomas E. Brittingham. Terms of sale to be made known on the day of sale.

WILLIAM BISHOP.

January 27, 1835.

DISSOLUTION.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of MARY and WAPLES, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.—The concern will hereafter be conducted by William P. Milby, one of the late firm. The books and notes of the late firm will be settled by Joseph Waples, who requests all persons to come forward and settle their respective accounts forthwith.

Wm. P. MILBY.

JOSEPH WAPLES.

Snow-hill, Jan. 26, 1835.

The subscriber presents his acknowledgments to his many friends and customers, for the patronage extended to the late firm, and informs them, that he will continue the business as heretofore, at the well known stand formerly occupied by Martin, Duffield and full, where he hopes by renewed attention to business, to merit a continuance of favour.

Wm. P. MILBY.

Snow-hill, Jan. 24, 1835.

MARYLAND.
Orphans Court of Worcester County,
DECEMBER TERM, 1834.
On application of Daniel Rowley, late of Worcester County dec'd. It is ordered that she give the notice required by law, warning creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, with the vouchers thereof, and that she cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in a newspaper printed in Worcester County.
In testimony that the above is truly &c. &c. copied from the minutes of the Orphans Court of Worcester County. I have hereto set my hand and affixed the public seal of my office this 13th day of January, 1835.
L. P. Spence, Reg. Wills for Worcester county.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE.
That the subscriber of Worcester County hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Worcester County, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Daniel Rowley, late of said County dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 12th of November next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand and seal this 13th day of January, eighteen hundred and thirty five.
SARAH A. ROWLEY, Administratrix of Daniel Rowley, deceased.
January 20, 1835.

MARYLAND.
Orphans Court of Worcester County,
DECEMBER TERM, 1834.
ON application of William Stevens, and David Stevens, Executors of Levi Stevens, late of Worcester County deceased. It is ordered that they give the notice required by law warning creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, with the vouchers thereof, and that they cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in a newspaper printed in Worcester County.
In testimony that the above is truly &c. &c. copied from the minutes of the Orphans Court of Worcester County. I have hereto set my hand and affixed the public seal of my office this 13th day of January, 1835.
L. P. Spence, Reg. Wills for Worcester county.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE.
That the subscribers of Worcester County hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Worcester County in Maryland, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Levi Williams, late of said County deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscribers on or before the 25th of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under our hands this 13th of January 1835.
WILLIAM STEVENS, & DAVID STEVENS, executors of Levi Stevens deceased.
January 20, 1835.

MARYLAND.
Orphans Court of Worcester County,
DECEMBER TERM, 1834.
ON application of Sally Richardson, Administratrix of Benj. T. Richardson, late of Worcester County deceased. It is ordered that she give the Notice required by law, warning creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, with the vouchers thereof, and that she cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in a newspaper printed in Worcester County.
In testimony that the above is truly &c. &c. copied from the minutes of the Orphans Court of Worcester County. I have hereto set my hand and affixed the public seal of my office this 13th day of January, eighteen hundred and thirty five.
L. P. Spence, Reg. Wills for Worcester County

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE.
That the subscriber of Worcester County hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Worcester County, in Md. letters of administration on the personal estate of Benj. T. Richardson late of said County dec'd. All persons having claims against the said dec'd. are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 20th day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand and seal this 13th day of January 1835.
SALLY RICHARDSON, Administratrix of B. T. Richardson, deceased.
January 20, 1835.

MARYLAND.
Orphans Court of Worcester County,
DECEMBER TERM, 1834.
On application of James Dirickson, Administrator (with a copy of the will annexed) of Josiah Cropper, late of Worcester County deceased. It is ordered that he give the notice required by law, warning creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, with the vouchers thereof, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in a newspaper printed in Worcester County.
In testimony that the above is truly &c. &c. copied from the minutes of the Orphans Court of Worcester County. I have hereto set my hand and affixed the public seal of my office this 13th day of January 1835.
L. P. Spence, Reg. Wills for Worcester County

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE.
That the subscriber of Worcester County hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Worcester County, in Maryland, letters of Administration (with a copy of the will annexed) on the personal estate of Josiah Cropper, late of said County deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 21st day of August next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand and seal this 13th day of January 1835.
JAMES DIRICKSON, Administrator, with a copy of the will annexed of Josiah Cropper, deceased.
January 20, 1835.

MARYLAND.
Orphans Court of Worcester County,
DECEMBER TERM, 1834.
ON application of Littleton Dryden, Administrator (with a copy of the will annexed) of Hamblen Bayley, late of Worcester County dec'd. It is ordered that he give the Notice required by law, warning creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, with the vouchers thereof, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in a newspaper printed in Worcester County.
In testimony that the above is truly &c. &c. copied from the minutes of the Orphans Court of Worcester County. I have hereto set my hand and affixed the public seal of my office this 13th day of January, 1835.
L. P. Spence, Reg. Wills for Worcester county.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE.
That the subscriber of Worcester County hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Worcester County, in Md. letters of Administration (with a copy of the will annexed) on the personal estate of Hamblen Bayley, late of said County dec'd. All persons having claims against the said dec'd. are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 22nd day of July next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand and seal this 13th day of January 1835.
LITTLETON DRYDEN, Administrator (with a copy of the will annexed) of Hamblen Bayley, deceased.
January 20, 1835.

Maryland.
Orphans Court of Worcester County,
DECEMBER TERM, 1834.
ON application of John T. Taylor, Administrator of James R. Ware, late of Worcester County deceased. It is ordered that he give the Notice required by law, warning creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, with the vouchers thereof, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in a newspaper printed in Worcester County.
In testimony that the above is truly &c. &c. copied from the minutes of the Orphans Court of Worcester County. I have hereto set my hand and affixed the public seal of my office this 13th day of January, 1835.
L. P. Spence, Reg. Wills for Worcester county

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE.
That the subscriber of Worcester County hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Worcester County, in Md. letters of administration on the personal estate of James R. Ware, late of said County dec'd. All persons having claims against the said dec'd. are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 10th of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand and seal this 13 day of January 1835.
JOHN T. TAYLOR, Administrator of James R. Ware, deceased.
January 20 1835,

Maryland.
Orphans Court of Worcester County,
DECEMBER TERM, 1834.
ON application of Thomas Moore, Administrator of Walton Gray, late of Worcester County deceased. It is ordered that he give the Notice required by law, warning creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, with the vouchers thereof, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in a newspaper printed in Worcester County.
In testimony that the above is truly &c. &c. copied from the minutes of the Orphans Court of Worcester County. I have hereto set my hand and affixed the public seal of my office this 13th day of January, 1835.
L. P. Spence, Reg. of Wills for Worcester county.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE.
That the subscriber of Worcester County hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Worcester County, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Walton Gray, late of said County dec'd. All persons having claims against the said dec'd, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 6th day of August next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand and seal this 13 day of January 1835.
THOMAS MOORE, Administrator of Walton Gray, deceased.
January 20, 1835.

Maryland.
Orphans Court of Worcester County,
DECEMBER TERM, 1834.
ON application of Thomas Timmons, Administrator of Matthew Moore, late of Worcester County deceased. It is ordered that he give the Notice required by law, warning creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, with the vouchers thereof, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in a newspaper printed in Worcester County.
In testimony that the above is truly &c. &c. copied from the minutes of the Orphans Court of Worcester County. I have hereto set my hand and affixed the public seal of my office this 13th day of January, 1835.
L. P. Spence Reg. Wills for Worcester county

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE.
That the subscriber of Worcester County hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Worcester County, in Md. letters of administration on the personal estate of Matthew Moore, late of said County dec'd. All persons having claims against the said dec'd. are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 10th day of November next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand and seal this 13 day of January 1835.
THOMAS TIMMONS, Administrator of Matthew Moore, deceased.
January 20, 1835.

NOTICE.
WAS committed to the Jail of Somerset County, on the 16th inst. by Arthur Lankford, a justice of the peace said County, a negro man named Major Hut, who says he is freeborn, and served his time with Mr. John Williams of Worcester County. He is about 6 feet high, and says he is 50 years of age, but he does not appear to be over 35 or 40. His owner is requested to come forward and make good his claim, or the negro will be discharged according to law.
S. G. HOLBROOK, Shff.
Jan. 27 1835.

LEWIS CATON,
IS PREPARED TO DO
JOB PRINTING,
SUCH AS
Pamphlets, Certificates,
Hand-bills, Circulars,
Blanks, Cards, &c.
Of every description on the most reasonable terms, at the Office of the Borderer, Snow-Hill, Maryland.

Magistrates' Blanks
For sale at this Office.

GORDON M. HANDY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE where Col. E. K. Wilson, lately deceased, formerly occupied, opposite the store of Messrs. George and Sewell Jenkins.
November 11, 1834.

Great National Work.
AMERICAN MAGAZINE.
Of Useful and entertaining Knowledge. To be illustrated with numerous Engravings. By the Boston Bewick Company.
The success which has attended the publication of the best Magazines from the English Press has led to preparation for issuing a periodical more particularly adapted to the wants and tastes of the American public. While it will be the object of the proprietors to make the work strictly what its title indicates, it will, nevertheless, contain all articles of interest to its patrons which appear in foreign Magazines.

Extensive preparations have been entered into both with artists and authors, to furnish from all parts of the Union, drawings and illustrations of every subject of interest, which the publishers confidently believe will enable them to issue a work honourable to its title and acceptable to the American People.
The first number of the American Magazine, illustrated with upwards of twenty splendid engravings, will appear on or before the first of September, and be continued monthly containing between forty and fifty imperishable octavo pages, and be furnished at the low price of 2 dollars per annum. It will comprise—

Portraits and Biographical Sketches of distinguished Americans; Views of Public Buildings—Monuments and Improvements; Landscape Scenery; the boundless variety and beauty of which, in this country, will form an unceasing source of instruction and gratification: Engravings and descriptions of the character, habits &c. of Beasts, Birds, Fishes and Insects together with every subject connected with the Geography, History, Natural and Artificial resources of the country, illustrated in a familiar and popular manner.

FREEMAN HUNT, Agent of the Boston Bewick Company, 47 Court St. Boston.

Prospectus of two new Volumes OF
WALDIE'S LIBRARY FOR 1835.

The "Select Circulating Library" has been for some time fairly classed amongst the established periodical publications of the country, having obtained a credit and circulation unprecedented, when the price is considered, this certainly, by allowing greater freedom to our efforts, is calculated to render them at once strenuous and more effective. The objects that Waldie's Library had in view, was the dissemination of good new books every where at the cheapest possible rates, and experience has proved that a years subscription will pay for one hundred and sixty-six dollars worth of books at the London prices.

New and enlarged type. Volume 5, to be commenced early in January 1835, will be printed with new and enlarged type, rendering the work free from any objection that may have been made by persons of weak eyes.

The Journal of Belles Lettres, printed on the cover, will be continued without any charge. It contains every week, reviews and extracts from the newest and best books as they come from the press; literary intelligence from all parts of the world, and a register of the new publications of England and America, being the earliest vehicle to disseminate such information and by the perusal of which, a person however remote from the marts of books, may keep pace with the times.

As it is usual to wish in behalf of a son, that he may prove a better man than his father so we, without meaning any particular reflection on our former volumes, received with such distinguished favor hope and trust that our future may surpass them; for experience ought always to produce improvement, more especially when as in our case, it lessens the number of difficulties we had to encounter in the outset.

The objects the Library had in view were fully detailed in the prospectus; the following extracts from that introductory paper will prove the spirit of that liberality in which the work was undertaken, and also that we have had no occasion to deviate from the original plan.

Extract from the original Prospectus.
In presenting to the public a periodical, entirely new in its character, it will be expected that the publisher should describe his plan and the objects he hopes to accomplish.

There is growing up in the United States a numerous population, with

literary tastes, who are scattered over a large space, and who distant from the localities whence books and literary information emanate, feel themselves at a great loss for that mental food which education has fitted them to enjoy. Books are cheap in our principal cities, but in the interior they cannot be procured as soon as published, nor without considerable expense. To supply this desideratum is the design of the present undertaking, the chief object of which emphatically is, to make good reading cheaper, and to put it in a form that will bring it to every man's door.

Books cannot be sent by mail, while the Select Circulating Library may be received at the most distant post office in the Union, in from fifteen to 25 days after it is published, at a little more expense than newspaper postage: or in other words before a book could be bound in Philadelphia, our subscribers in the most distant states may be perusing it in their parlours.

To elucidate the advantages of the "Select Circulating Library" such as we propose, it is only necessary to compare it with some other publications. Take the Waverley novels for example, the Chronicles of the Canongate occupy 2 volumes; which are sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50. The whole would be readily contained in 5 numbers of this periodical, at an expense of fifty cents, postage included! So that more than three times the quantity of literary matter can be supplied for the same money by adopting the newspaper source of circulation. But we consider transmission by mail, and the early receipt of the new book, as a most distinguished feature of the publication. Distant subscribers will be placed on a footing with those nearer at hand, and will be supplied at their own homes with equal to about Fifty Volumes of the common London novel size for Five Dollars.

Arrangements have been made to receive from London an early copy of every new book printed either in that mart of talent, or in Edinburgh, together with the periodical literature of Great Britain. From the former we shall select the Novels, Memoirs, Tales, Travels, Sketches, Biography, &c. and publish them with as much rapidity and accuracy as an extensive printing office will admit. From the latter, such literary intelligence will regularly be culled, as will prove interesting and entertaining to the lover of knowledge and science, and literature, and novelty. Good standard novels, and other works, now out of print, may also occasionally be re-produced in our columns.

The publisher cannot but have no dread of introducing their "Select Circulating Library" into the domestic circle, as the gentleman who has undertaken the Editorial duties, to literary tastes and habits adds a due sense of the responsibility he assumes in catering for an extended and moral community, and of the consequence, detrimental or otherwise, that will follow the dissemination of noxious or wholesome mental aliment. His situation and engagements afford him peculiar advantages and facilities for the selection of books—These, with the additional channels created by agencies at London, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, warrant the proprietor in guaranteeing a faithful execution of the literary department.

It would be supererogatory to dilate on the general advantages and convenience which such a publication presents to people of literary pursuits wherever located but more particularly to those who reside in retired situations—they are so obvious that the first glance cannot fail to flash conviction of its eligibility.

TERMS.
"The Select Circulating Library" is printed weekly on a double medium sheet of fine paper of sixteen pages with three columns on each, and mailed with great care so as to carry with perfect safety to the most distant post office.

It is printed and finished with the same care and accuracy as book work. The whole fifty two numbers form two volumes well worth preservation, of 416 pages each equal in quantity to 1200 pages, or three volumes of Rees's Cyclopaedia. Each volume is accompanied with a Title-page and Index.

The price is Five Dollars for fifty two numbers of 16 pages each, a price at which it cannot be afforded unless extensively patronized. Payment at all times in advance.

Agents who procure five subscribers, shall have a receipt in full by remitting the publisher \$20, and a proportionate compensation for a larger number. This arrangement is made to increase the circulation to so extent which will make it an object to pay agents liberally. Clubs of five individuals may thus procure the work for \$4.00 by uniting in their remittances.

Subscribers, living near agents, may pay their subscriptions to them; those otherwise situated may remit the amount to the publisher at his expense, if payment is made in money at par in Philadelphia. Our arrangements are all made for the convenience of our part of the contract.

Subscribers' names should be immediately forwarded, in order that the publisher may know how many to print of the forthcoming volumes.

ADAM WALDIE.
No. 207, Chestnut street, Basement story of Wm. Sward's Philadelphia House.
Philadelphia, Nov. 1834.